fairly be reckoned, for the most part, an unin-
habited island.

But on the shores of Arue, with these two naive
old missionary volumes before us, it is not so hard
after all to arrive at the truth. First, unquestion-
ably, it is not fair to lay to the charge of religion
the total ruin of Polynesia, either then or later.
Western disease, alcohol and gunpowder began it,
and Western commercialism has concluded it.
Eliminate the first three causes, is it even the
missionary who is most eager to convert the native
to print dresses, corrugated iron and bully beef ?
If never a deluded and benighted missionary had
landed these things would have come, and have
come backed by battleships. And Mr. Ellis and
his friends were at least disinterested, generous,
devoted. There are blackguard missionaries, and,
perhaps there are noble, altruistic, self-sacrificing
traders. Which are, or have been,

the more common, " to a reflecting mind" as Mr. Ellis

*

would say, judge ye.

But the pitiful story of the convinced and often heroic nineteenth century missionary is set before us here, while we linger on the beach of